

YOU
MUST HAVE
THIS

25¢

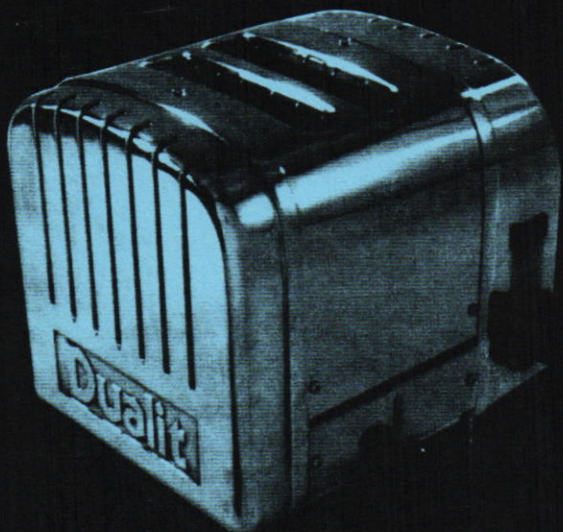


#1

cranial
stomp
comix

EL TOASTERHEAD! Tales

Cranial Stomp Comix



Rt. 1 Box 172-B1
Willard, MO 65781

the Cranial Stomp



pledge...



☹~ To come to gym class prepared for activities

☹~ To use only Tot Brand staples in Tot staplers

☹~ To throw gum at zoo animals

☹~ To wear tasteful pants

☹~ To peel off wrapper before eating single

☹~ To lick envelopes without making a face

☹~ To never insert the hands of Lego men up into our nasal passages

☹~ To make one slice of toast in the one-slice slot

☹~ To remember the Alamo

☹~ To laugh at those less fortunate than ourselves

☹~ To change our own goddamn oil

☹~ To kick ass



This we pledge,
Chad &

Cranial Chad and Robert! Robert!

¡El Toasterhead! Tales #1

• • •

Goddess of Hodunk written and drawn
by Robert Lewis - 216 Ingleside #2,
Kalamazoo, MI 49006

Send a stamp for a sample comic, and
tell him Cranial Chad sent ya!

• • •

Last Stand written and drawn by
Chad Woody. Write the address below
for more comix. If you have an idea for
future ¡El Toasterhead! Tales, or would
like to contribute, please let me know.

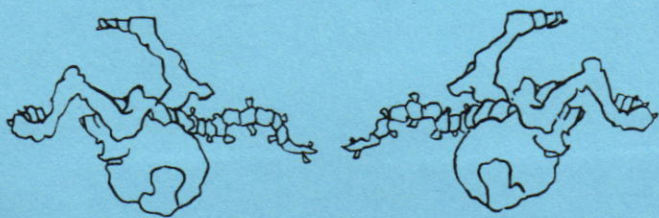
• • •

Chad
Woody



#5
111

Cranial Stomp Comix
Rt. 1 Box 172-B1, Willard, MO 65781



Be here next time...

when your pals at Cranial Stomp toast up
more tales told by El Toasterhead!,
like the story of Graham P. O'Feeblestein,
who got really carried away making glue skin!
In the meantime, remember that fish food
smells bad, but your fish need it...

from El Toasterhead! Tales #2



Hodunk is strange. Too strange to
live there. I don't know why
anyone would want to live there.

It's one of those small towns

where everybody knows everybody;
There is no one new to meet! And

my God! If someone did want to live
there it would be a big thing.

It would be someone new, with secrets
to hide. (the only reason someone

moves to a small town like Hodunk is

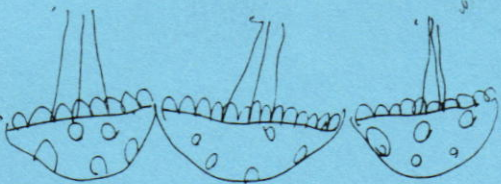
to get away, or escape). So there'd

be lots of questions, and if that didn't

scare them away, then Willie would

go and change the numbers on the sign.

preliminary
sketches
of Emma



Just now it says:
This here town is Hodunk
pop. 185
plus 1 goddess

And this is her story
(or at least a part of it). There is
more to tell, but first let's
thank Chad for putting Hodunk
on the map.

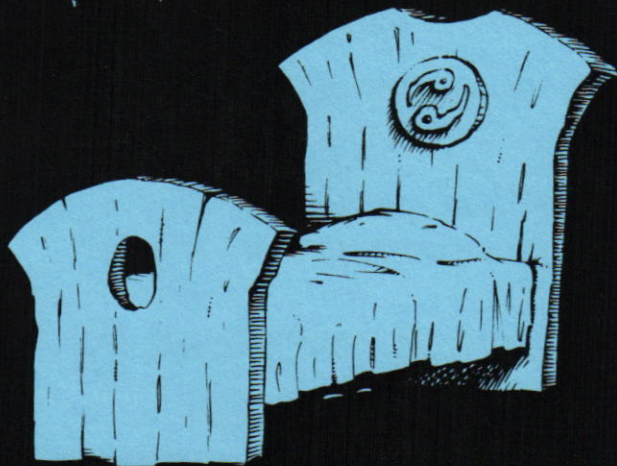
Anyone who is interested in tearing
the rest of Hodunk is encouraged to
write.

Robert Lewis 1972



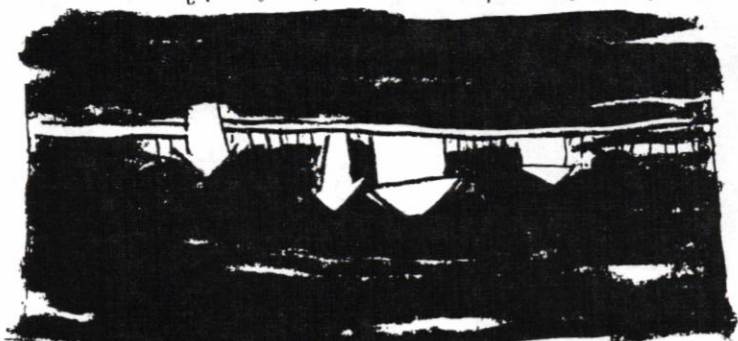
and A DESPERATE, DETERMINED
FEW OF THOSE WHO RETAIN
THEIR TRUE HOMES, FRIGHTENED
AND UNCERTAIN, AWAIT THE
DAY WHEN THEY WILL MAKE
THEIR LAST STAND.

...



The End

It's easy to overlook the small town of Haddon...

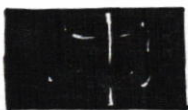


Words & Pictures by Robert Lewis



as narrated by

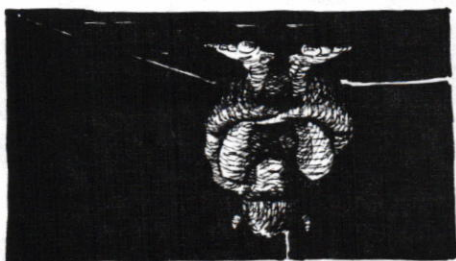
The Gog of Haddon
© 92



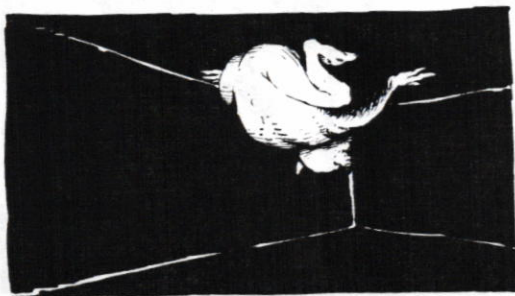
... AWAY...



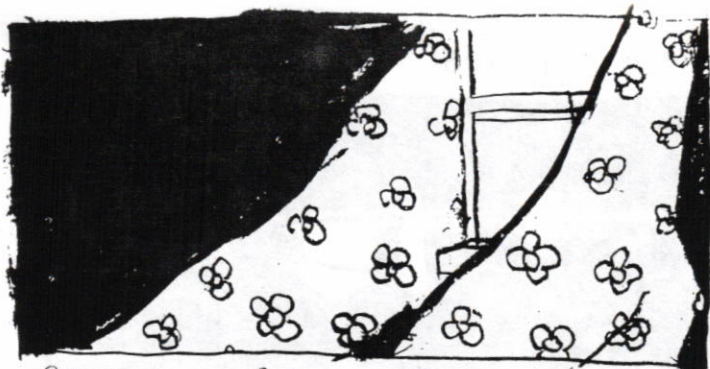
... QUIETLY...



... CURL UP, AND FADE...



THE MORE
TIMID
"MONSTERS"
SLINK TO
THE
DARKEST
CORNERS
UNDER
THEIR
BEDS...



Unless... You were to peer
through an open window
at the butt of a Goddess -



The one and only Emma Green.



... BEFORE CRUMBLING
AWAY UNDER
LIGHT OF DAY.



A PETRIFIED FEW,
CORNERED WHEN
AN OLD BED IS
REMOVED, GO MAD
WITH TERROR AND
LASH OUT...

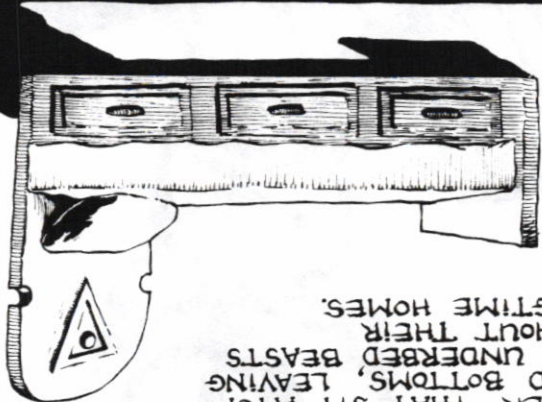
Protecting a
northern lawn
or southern
garden...

from what-
ever larks
below.



You may have seen her elsewhere

SOME HAVE MADE THE SHAMEFUL
MIGRATION ACROSS THE FLOOR TO THE
CRAMPED SPACE 'TWIXT A DRESSER'S FEET
OR EVEN THE UNDERSIDE OF A SOFA.



...TO BEDS FILLED WITH
WATER THAT SIT ATOP
SOLID BOTTOMS, LEAVING
THE UNDERBED BEASTS
WITHOUT THEIR
LONGTIME HOMES.

But this is where she lives,
and the people of Hodunk
are well aware that there is a
Goddess in residence.



Her mail is
hand delivered,
and a spring -

time festival
has been thrown
in her honor.

BUT, OF LATE, THE AGE-
OLD BED OF FEET AND-
LEGS HAS GIVEN WAY...



He once told me how he went about his work. He said a careful observation of nature and a taste for wood was all that was needed.



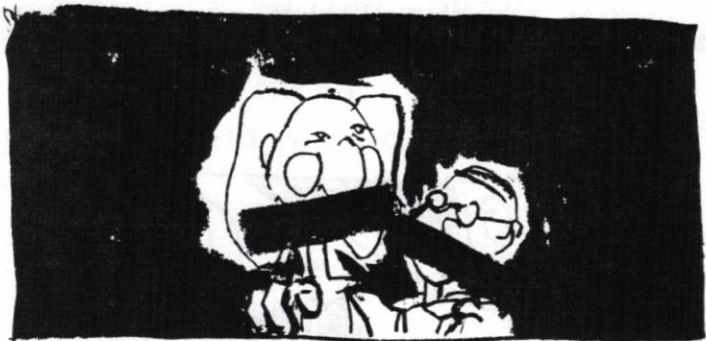
Just after that is the parade, where Mr. Green reveals his latest creations.



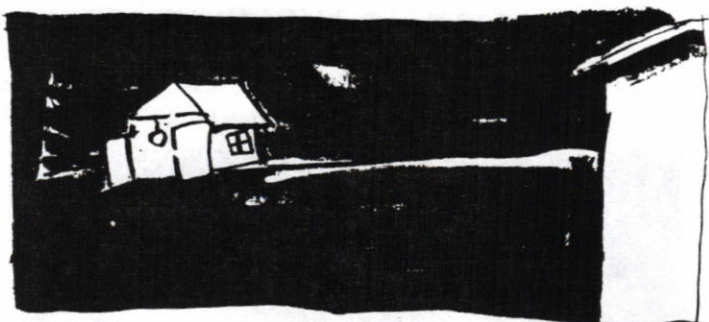
THOUGH SOME CLUTCH OCCASIONALLY AT SMALL DANGLING FEET, THESE CREATURES ARE MISCHIEVOUS AT WORST, AND IN MANY WAYS BENEVOLENT, CONSUMING MICE AND OTHER PESTS AND KNOWN TO PROTECT ENDANGERED CHILDREN.



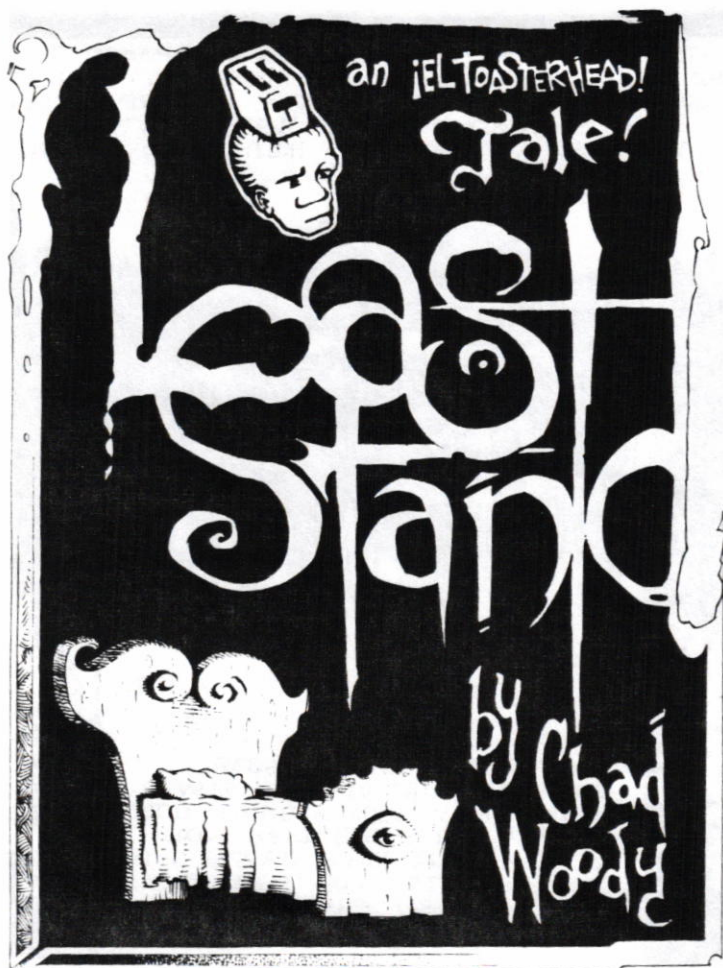
FOR AS LONG AS MOST CAN REMEMBER, FOR ALL TIME THAT HAS PASSED SINCE MEN ROSE UP FROM RESTLESS SLEEP UPON COLD, HARD FLOORS, DARK FAERIE BEASTS HAVE DWELT 'NEATH THE BEDS OF CHILDREN...

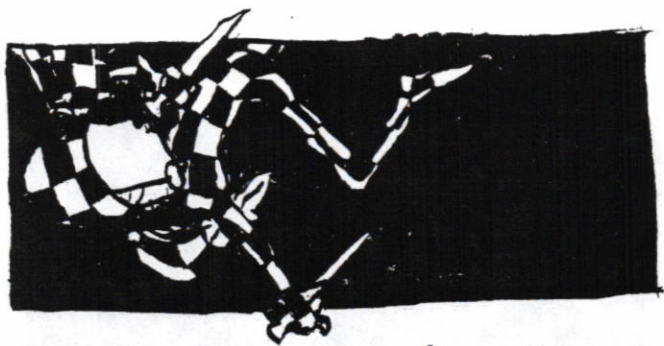


But life was not always this way.
There was a time when Mr. Green
was working in the shed,



And Emma was perfecting the
morning strodles, when
the drills and saws fell silent.



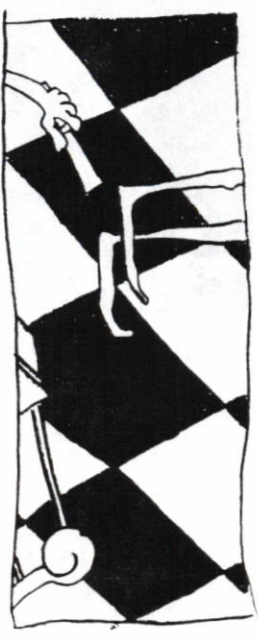


It appears they had outgrown
their wooden replicas and
had come for the real thing.



Emma dashed to the door to see
what was wrong, but found
the minions of Hades there waiting.

After Mr. Green
was untied
he lent a hand
with the
limo, then
went about
his work again.



As for the min-
ions of Hades,
I'm sure they're
around here
somewhere. @7xmt



A chase ensued -



And deception followed...



Indeed, the hunters became the hunted as Emma flumpt! soundly on their checkered hides.

Then Emma flew down the banister with the weight of the Gods behind her!

